

The Turning Tables  
by Barefooted Dragon

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Summary: Jack has been rejected by Hiccup back when they were carefree 12 years olds. Then the Tables turn. 6 years from then, rejection still hurts and Hiccup just want to show Jack how much he really cares.

The Turning Tables

\*\*First Fic, YAY! The idea was stuck in my head and I just had to write it. And I apologise if there are a few grammar and spelling error, so yeah xD Hijack One Shot, so I might continue or might not.\*\*

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><p>But Hiccup!' Jack whined, clinging onto him desperately, 'I need to use your eyes!'</p>

The other teen sighed and rolled his eyes, his voice dripping with sarcasm, 'I wonder how your stylist deals with that mess that you call your hair.'

Jack pouted and crossed his arms, 'Hiccup, please.'

Hiccup stared into those blue eyes and he was lost. He was falling into the icy blue oblivion he called his eyes. They were so blue and it was freakishly handsome- made him look like a winter spirit. The eyes held mischief and something else. Jack's hair was white and fluffy and Hiccup had to resist the temptation of touching and nestling in his hair. It was so Jack. It didn't make sense, but somehow it did.

The said boy's palms were getting clammy and he felt a blush creep onto his cheeks. Here we go again, get lost in those eyes. Hiccup gave a forced sigh and nodded. Jack gave Hiccup his signature

grins, which any girl could squeal over. And stopped over so that he was leaning over Hiccup's face. Hiccup had a smug grin on his face, Jack was his right now, so why not stare into those blue eyes and fall again?

Jack looked intently into Hiccup's eyes and started into the emeralds. He didn't actually wanting to look into the shorter boy's eyes as a mirror. Hell no, he wasn't that vain. But instead, he just wanted to look into those eyes. It was a warm summer day, and all their classes were done for the year. This meant that the sun was illuminating his eyes. Jack had to mentally punch himself not to scoop him up and kiss all the freckles on his damn cute face. He pretending to look at his reflection in the shiny eyes, but instead used it as an excuse to just see the green with flecks of brown and yellow.

Hiccup, on the other hand, was melting and yeah okayâ€| what was happening down there? He shifted position and he couldn't keep the blush creep up his neck. He saw Jack bring his face forward so that both their noses were touching. DEAR ODIN, WHAT IS HAPPENING? Stay calm and think about, uh, Astrid! Yeah, nice blonde hair and-

'Jackâ€| Jack? What are you doing?' Jack's face was impossibly close and the teen was nipping his nose. He was so close that he could see the small freckles that dotted the bridge of his nose- nice touch.  
'Hey.'

'Wha- Oh! Sorryâ€| Oh.' Jack stepped backwards and felt his ears grow hot. He couldn't help that the freckled were just there. Mental Note- Count all of the freckles on his face. Damn, first time he saw the boy he knew that he had to have him. His green sweater was way to big for his small frame and the way his eyes twinkled whenever he laughed, made it hard to breathe. His throat tightened and he leaned away from Hiccup.

Hiccup's heart ached for the feeling of Jack's white hair tickling his forehead. He confidently took a step forward and closed the space between his and Jack's lips.

He hungrily began sucking on the taller male's bottom lip and bit on it becauseâ€| well it was there. Jack's lips stayed like they were before, slightly open but they weren't moving. His eyes were closed though, but Hiccup couldn't brush off the feeling of shame and Jack not enjoying it. He quickly pecked his lips before parting, eyes gritty but refusing the feeling to cry. 'S-sorry.'

How ironic that it began to rain. Really hard. Walking further and further away from the millimetres that was so close between them seemed like an eternity. Clenching his fists, he walked home. His tears started to fall with the rain, and the tears from the sky plastered onto his forehead. Scuffing his shoes onto the wet pavement, he heard footsteps. He didn't dare to turn back because if he did, he knew that he would fall again. No matter how hard I try, I can never seem to forget you. He thought, scowling.

That first summer they spent, was one they would never forget. They were oblivious dorky 12 year olds, not knowing how cruel reality is.  
'Hiccup?' Jack turned on the grass, resting his head on his hand.

'Hmm?' Hiccup replied, not looking away from the History Essay they didn't have to submit for 5 weeks.

'Do you like me?' Jack's face showed no expression.

'Uh-huh...' replied Hiccup. Realising what his friend just said, his eyes were as wide as day. 'W-wait, what? Why?'

Jack shrugged, not wanting to look at Hiccup. 'I guess I like youâ€| hey, remember how we were going through all the people in the class in 4rd grade?'

'I don't see what that has to do with anything?' he mumbled, 'But yeah, go on.'

'You know how I rejected everyone, including the boys?'

'Y-yeah.' He didn't like where this was going.

'And you know how I still said I had a crush on someone, even though I turned everyone down.'

Just get to the point, 'Yes.'

'Truth is I like you, as in more than a friend. And I want to know if you like me too.'

He was so obvious, the way he sat next to him in class every day.

'Um... .' Oh shit, what did he just say? He didn't know what to do.  
'J-Jack, because you see the thing isâ€|'

Jack didn't want to hear anymore, he had tears in his eyes. 'I know.' He scowled, looking away from Hiccup. He could never be good enough for the freckly boy, and that hurt the most. He walked away, his hands in his pockets and silent tears coming down his pale cheeks. I guess more scars from the blade for me then.

6 years from then, rejection still hurts. Hiccup passed the park that Jack confessed and winced, remembering the pained expression that Jack bared on his beautiful face. The footsteps behind him quickened and Hiccup picked up the pace. 'Leave me alone,' he managed weakly, hearing Jack's 12 year old voice when Hiccup chased after him.

'So this is how it'll be forever, isn't it?' Jack yelled from the place he stopped running, his face was so calm.

I just don't want to remember you. 'Isn't that how reality is? Tell me Jack. Tell me how much 'fun' you had with Tuffnut the other night.' He turned around so that he was facing Jack. His eyes were angry but he's knees were shaking.

'Am I not allowed to?' Jack furrowed his eyebrows and frowned.

Don't do that, just please don't do that. 'Just stopâ€|' Hiccup's anger was gone as soon as he saw Jack's eyes. They were glassy and his voice broke. That oh so beautiful voice that Hiccup fell for.]

'No,' Jack continued, walking towards Hiccup so that he was face to face. 'I want to know why you care.'

'Jack, please, I'm sorryâ€|'

'No, Hiccup. I'm tired of the one being rejected â€“'

'Jackâ€| Stop.'

But he didn't, 'All those years ago Henrik, I have loved you and still do. When can you see that?'

'Jack, please. I said stop.'

'Hiccup, your wall is going to crumble sooner or later, leaving you exposed. Henrik, please. Just let me love you. Even if you have to stab a knife through my heart and have no remorse for it, I WILL STILL LOVE YOU.'

Hiccup was trembling uncontrollably now. Jack loved him. Loveâ€| 'Then why didn't you kiss me back.' What a stupid question.

'You were my first and because you were so precious, I felt like breaking. I will never be good enough.'

That was it. The rain was pounding harder and who the fuck cares. A kiss in the rain is the best.

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><p>Please leave a review! xx</p>

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file.